Let Us Concentrate our Efforts for the Winter Campaign ONE PENNY

Workers' Dreadnought

CRITICISM AND UNDERSTANDING.

Vol. X. No. 26. **September 15, 1923.** **WEEKLY.**

The Man Without a Country

I am the working man—
THE man without a country—
All nations—
Kingdoms,
Republics,
Empires,
Rest upon my shoulders—
For I am labour!
I sail their ships and planes—
I watch their citadels and towers—
I run their presses—
I drop their bombs—
I spread their gasses—
I starve their enemies—
I furnish the corpses for their faiths and victories—
MY blood is the crimson of their flags—
By ME their glory lives—
From ME their power comes.—
I make them all—
I keep them all—
I guard them all—
I, the man without a country!
I feed the Race—
I clothe the Race—
I house the Race—
I am Agriculture—
Industry—
Transportation—
Commerce—
And Art—
I am fire and steam—
Light and electricity—
Civilisation and society—
For I am labour!
The wizard gold producer—
The raw material of wealth—
The exhaustless source of—
Dividends—
Interest—
Profit—
Rent—
Taxes and riches—
The Aladdin's lamp and the Frankenstein of Capital.—
I shoulder the State—
I carry the Church—
I build the Union—
I make them all—
I keep them all—
I guard them all—
I, the man without a country!
I am love and life—
I am bread and liberty—
The womb of thought and truth—
The mother of Democracy—
The father of Freedom—
The nemesis of Slavery—
For I am labour!
All that you hold is *mine*.—
But for ME—
Your fields were wilderness—
Your mines dark cavern in the Earth—
Your railways streaks of rust across a silent desert—
Your mills and factories mausoleums of dead and powerless steel—
Your palaces and temples, mints and banks, the home of ghosts and worms—
Your fleets, lost derelicts on portless oceans drifting.—
Without ME *all* is *nothingness*.—
I am the Logos—
The Living Soul of the Machine—
The maker, keeper, guarder of the all—
I, the man without a country!

—From the *Llano Colonist*.

The Breakdown of Capitalist Finance

Industry Shutting Down.

Germany, in the full blast of her productive powers, is starving. Her factories that worked with feverish haste during and since the war are shutting down, not only in the Ruhr, by way of passive resistance to the French, but throughout the country. The soil of Germany is fertile

IN WAR.

and well cultivated, but the agriculturists are pausing on the verge of refusal to supply the German towns with produce: the peasants are turning towards the policy of producing only what is requisite for the supply of their own families.

The Reasons Why.

The causes are two-fold: Germany has been deprived of raw material, of coal, iron, oil, rubber, pine kernels and so on by the Allied conquerors: moreover, the financial system has broken down: the mark, once 20 to the £, has gone falling down below 200,000,000 to the £.

German money having grown worthless, the means of exchange has broken down; buying and selling are brought to a standstill, and capitalist economics are based upon buying and selling.

So the grim farce moves tragically on its way. Chaos grows.

Attempt to Bolster Dying System.

The German Social Democrats, even those who once belonged to the two-and-a-half International of Vienna, join with the capitalist parties in desperate efforts to bolster up the system that seems tottering to a fall. A coalition of Social Democratic and all capitalist Parliamentary parties has been formed to save the system and to preserve a united Germany.

Mr. H. N. Brailsford, the editor of the I.L.P. "New Leader," declared in that paper that the German Social Democrats have acted wisely in joining the capitalist coalition. In support of that opinion, he stated that, in his view, the only alternative to the capitalist unity of Germany is revolution and the establishment of a Workers' Council Republic. This he thought would mean a greater dislocation than it meant in Russia: he declared that it would mean starvation and chaos in a complex social organism like that of Germany.

Starvation and chaos already grow apace in Germany; but it was curious to find Mr. Brailsford, in the next issue of the "New Leader," complimenting Soviet Russia on the stabilisation of its currency and asserting that the present economic situation of Russia is vastly superior to that of Germany.

Socialism the Hope of the World.

In all such argumentation the essential point is missed that if we Socialists believe that Socialism is the hope of the world, we must press boldly forward towards it—above all in these times of acute capitalist failure. This painful clinging to the expedients of capitalist finance, whether it be of Russian, German, or British Socialists, denotes a lack of capacity to conceive of Socialist practice.

Colonel Wedgwood's Programme.

Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, a confirmed Liberal, despite his membership of the Labour Party, writing on the German situation to the "Manchester Guardian," says:

> "I suppose it might be possible to save civilisation still. For that the German budget must be made to balance. For that, three things at least are necessary. The colossal expense of paying wages in the Ruhr to 1,500,000 workers for doing nothing must be stopped, the payment of reparations must be postponed and the amount fixed. A dictatorship must be established over German finances, for there is no German statesman who would dare to impose the enormous taxes or to reduce the enormous establishments which will be necessary."

To save civilisation the budget must be balanced! A shopkeeper's notion, truly. How low indeed has the gallant Colonel fallen to be obsessed by such a paltry notion. Does he really believe that the wonderful powers of mankind are dependent upon a budget.

He continues:

> "Now, let it be understood, that the German Government is prepared, even anxious, to end the 'passive resistance' in the Ruhr. It is prepared to promise to pay reparations and to leave the amount possible and dates of payment to any tribunal. It is prepared to accept financial control, which means the abdication of self-government. They would hope for a loan, as in the case of Austria, but the Finance Controller would settle that. They think it impossible to work industries and railways with the Ruhr cut out from Germany; but again the Finance Controller would

IN PEACE.

see to that. All they ask is to be allowed to work—as helots."

As far as the German Social Democrats are concerned Colonel Wedgwood is probably right in his summary; but we do not think Mr. Stinnes and the other German Big Business men only ask to work as helots; they are tenaciously striving to safeguard their profits.

But regard the prospect proposed by Colonel Wedgwood for the German people: to labour as helots under an alien Controller—all self-government abdicated, to labour in hardship and scarcity, bearing an unexampled burden of exploitation—a two-fold exploitation, by the home capitalist and by the alien conqueror.

Why is such an infamous proposal put forward by a representative of the British Labour Party?

Simply that British Labour M.P.'s may keep their election promises to support making Germany pay; simply that the British Labour Party may keep in step with the policies of capitalist imperialism.

Colonel Wedgwood further says:

> "It is conceivable that a revolution of the Right might lead to a war of extermination with the French, which might conceivably end badly for the French and complete more quickly the destruction of civilisation. The only other alternative seems to be the ultimate 'protection' of Germany by either France or England."

A Wonder Fifty Years Hence.

Fifty years hence it will be hardly conceivable that a Labour Party representative should have such a conception of the situation as this with which Colonel Wedgwood is afflicted.

Franco-German Capitalist Understanding.

In passing we may observe that if the rumour speaks truly that German Capitalism is even now coming to an understanding with French Capitalism for the exploitation of the Rhineland, the protectorate over Germany will turn out very shortly to be French and not British.

It may be that the possibilities of revolution are already cancelled for the time being, by such a Franco-German capitalist understanding. On the other hand the French terms may be too harsh for the German capitalists. Moreover it may yet prove that if such Franco-German capitalist understanding should be come to the terms will be too hard for the mass of the German people to endure, and that an early revolt against the capitalist system itself may result.

But let us consider further the plan of Colonel Wedgwood: is it such as one would expect to emanate from a working-class movement in any country? As a matter of fact the scheme is not the creation of a working-class movement, but of the capitalist politicians who dominate the Labour Party either from outside or inside its ranks.

The Workers' Interest.

To British wage workers it can be only injurious that the wage workers of a neighbouring country should work as helots, under a close military control.

Even those wage earners who aspire to do no more than palliate their wagedom and preserve a minimum standard of comfort must, in the interests of self-preservation, desire that there should be no nation of wage workers producing under conditions which are lower than their own.

Even those whose aspirations are thus limited should in their own interests desire the emancipation of the German masses from the proposed dual exploitation. Even they should repudiate with indignation such proposals as those of Colonel Wedgwood.

Those who go further; those who desire the ending of the wage system, must revolt against the policies both of Colonel Wedgwood and of Mr. Brailsford; both of whom cling to the existing system, as they who fear to swim cling to a sinking barque.

Circumstances are teaching, more clearly than ever before, the evils of the system of production for private profit, with its enormous artificial structure of finance and exchange.

Abundance for All.

What is required is not that the people shall be forced into more cruel starvation in order that the budget may be balanced and the currency stabilised. What is required is that the people of the world shall set themselves to produce an abundance of all requirements and to distribute them to the people according to need and desire.

We have the capacity to provide plenty for all: the task before us is to ensure abundance to every member of the human race, regardless of nationality.

Germany; of all the larger countries possessing perhaps the most highly organised, the most self-disciplined and the best educated people, is nevertheless a nation of starving people at the highest point of her productive powers.

Britain, victorious in the war, the heart of the greatest Empire, the most highly industrialised of nations, has a vast army of unemployed.

Surely these things should make the dullest think and the most sluggish rise to revolt against the bondage of an outworn system which holds us all enchained.

E.S.P.

Europe

By WALT WHITMAN.

Yet behind all lowering stealing, lo, a shape,
Vague as the night, draped interminably, head, front and form, in scarlet folds,
Whose face and eyes none may see,
Out of its robes only this, the red robes lifted by the arm,
One finger crook'd pointed high over the top, like the head of a snake appears.

Meanwhile corpses lie in new-made graves, bloody corpses of young men,
The rope of the gibbet hangs heavily, the bullets of princes are flying, the creatures of power laugh aloud,
And all these things bear fruits, and they are good.

Those corpses of young men,
Those martyrs that hang from the gibbets, those hearts pierc'd by the grey lead,
Cold and motionless as they seem, live elsewhere with unslaughtered vitality.
They live in other young men O kings!
They live in brothers again ready to defy you,
They were purified by death, they were taught and exalted.

Not a grave of the murder'd for freedom but grows seed for freedom, in its turn to bear seed,
Which the winds carry afar and re-sow, and the rains and the snows nourish.

Not a disembodied spirit can the weapons of tyrants let loose,
But it stalks invisibly over the earth, whispering, counselling, cautioning.

Liberty, let others despair of you—I never despair of you.

THE FOUNTAIN.

From out the brooding shadows of the trees,
Amid the shroudy silences of night,
Glimmers the little fountain; its pale stones
Receive the rays of yonder city lamps.
Thou little shrine of bounty; dost dispense
No deadening opiate for mental thralls,
But freely given waters clear and sweet
Poured without measure from the distant hills.

E.S.P.

SACCO AND VANZETTI.

An urgent appeal for financial aid for the Sacco-Vanzetti defence is issued since it is announced that Judge Thayer has been assigned to Deddam Court for the month of October to hear argument on motions for a new trial of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The date is not definitely fixed, but it will probably be either Oct. 1st or 8th.

Nettles and Docks

The failure of Mussolini: The war missed fire because the crisis was timed too late in the season.

* *

The week's greatest folly:—"The Labour Party has headed the Government in the right direction."—Miss Margaret Bondfield, on the Ruhr.

* *

Ours is a democracy: Our Parliament did not sit whilst Corfu threatened the peace of Europe.

* *

Why Mussolini did not do it: sixty bob: thirty to Judas and thirty to himself.

* *

G.B.S., the dramatist who accepts cuts in his plays for stage purposes but hopes that his plays may be read in full. Hauptmann, facing the Kaiser and not the censor, refused to be cut.

* *

What G.B.S. cannot do; shake hairpins down the lion's throat.

* *

Yes, we have some bananas—and a mild faith.

* *

Can Labour rule? Of course: by choosing its own masters.

* *

Can Labour run a daily? Surely: by putting in the editorial chair Northcliffe's superannuated, rather than a football forward from Wales.

* *

Nettles and docks: and the docks? Who cares about the dockers since they are beaten now, and the fresh fruits reach the Ritz as before. Nettles and docks.

* *

No wonder our contemporary, the London "Star," runs Dot and Carrie. Dot and Carrie and a third vision of beauty have never heard of the Dodecanese which capitalistic Italy faithfully promised to return to Turkey at the end of the Tripoli war. How piquant the amalgam of flappers, tipping, and foreign politics.

* *

Three cheers for the "Pall Mall." Leighward dared to say that Mussolini is a dictator.

* *

Soon out: Mrs. Beaton's new cookery book, entitled "When Winter is Here; or How to Cook for Five with the Wages of One."

FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

WHAT CHILDREN SHOULD BE TAUGHT. By C. P. Claridge, M.B., B.S.Lond. Jarrold's. Sixpence.

There is an epidemic of books and pamphlets on this subject to-day. Dr. Claridge advocates that not the teacher, the parson, or the doctor, but the parent should inform the child concerning the facts of sex and reproduction. He considers that a child of eight "should have been told of the functions of both father and mother," but as children vary, the proper time to tell the child is, if possible, when it asks questions.

With all this one may agree, though Dr. Claridge's exposition of the subject is far too sketchy to inform the parent who is puzzled how to do it. The concluding passage in the pamphlet refers with approval to a dangerous movement now on foot:

> "If only we do this our children in their generation will be able to tackle such problems as the sterilization of the mentally defective and other questions of a like nature—measures which are really urgent, but which the country does not yet appear to be sufficiently enlightened to consider."

"DREADNOUGHT" £1,000 FUND.

Brought forward, £70 15s. 6½d. I. A. Cahill, 10s.; Irene Smith, 1s. (weekly); F. Houghton, 10s. (1s. weekly); F. Brimley, 2s.; Office Collecting Box, 2s. 11d.; Collection, Finsbury Park, 9s. 6½d. Total for week, £1 15s. 5½d. Total, £72 11s.

The Trade Union Congress

The main feature of the Trade Union Congress has been the rivalry of the Unions to secure each other's members. This rivalry was always prominent, but it is more pronounced in these days of falling memberships.

The wrangle between Mr. Havelock Wilson's Seamen's and Firemen's Union and the Marine Workers' Union, in which Mr. Shinwell is prominent, was referred to the Disputes Committee of the Congress. Mr. Havelock Wilson has the whip hand in the struggle, because he has induced the shipowners to agree not to employ any men who do not belong to his Union.

Bevin and the Dock Strike.

Following this was the complaint of Mr. Bevin, of the Transport Workers' Union, that Mr. Shinwell's Marine Workers' Union had encouraged the members of Mr. Bevin's Union, when they defied him, and the other officials of their Union, and struck against the reduction in wages that the employers were attempting to impose. Mr. Bevin and others of the Transport Workers' Union also attacked the Workers' Union for supporting the mutinous members of the former Union in the dock strike, and for poaching upon its membership. Mr. Neil Maclean, M.P., of the Workers' Union, retaliated with similar charges against Mr. Bevin's Union. Mr. Bevin also attacked the Stevedores' Union for assisting the dock strike and trying to enrol the members of the Transport Workers' Union in its ranks. Mr. Ruark, of the stevedores', replied with the charge that Mr. Bevin was endeavouring to crush his Union.

Smillie's Inconsistencies.

Mr. Robert Smillie, of the Miners' Federation, moved the previous question, and deprecated all such squabbling, in which he has taken a lively hand in previous years, in his contests with Mr. Shirkie, of the Mining Engine Winders' Union. The Miners' Federation had procured the exclusion from the Congress of the surface machine men's organisation of South Wales. Mr. Smillie's Union now had another round in its time-honoured battle with Mr. Shirkie on that account. The miners carried the day, having enormous voting power in the Congress and being a powerful factor from the standpoint of affiliation fees.

The spokesmen of the Laundry Workers' Union demanded that all laundry workers should be automatically transferred from other unions into the Laundry Workers' Union. Miss Ellen Wilkinson, of the Distributive Workers' Union, which includes some laundry workers in its membership, protested against this proposal, as "ridiculous," and begged the Congress to throw it out, which the Congress did.

Up the Rank and File Movement.

Whether they call themselves Labourists, I.L.P. Socialists, or Communists, these Trade Union officials are all fighting against the officials of other unions to secure members. Only 5,000,000 workers are enrolled in Trade Unions, though there are 15,000,000 adult workers in the country, whilst the contest of the unions to get each other's members continues.

A resolution was carried approving the increase of payments by members to their unions, ostensibly in order to combat decreases in wages, though the union officials are actively engaged in inducing their members to accept such reductions—witness the dock strike and the manœuvres of Mr. J. H. Thomas.

The proposal to give more power to the General Council, and to enable it to make levies upon the unions to procure funds, was again defeated.

All this shows the need for an all-workers' workshop organisation, without paid officials. Until the workers, through the hard work of pioneering enthusiasts, and the developing consciousness of the mass, have created such an organisation, no real headway will be made to the emancipation of the wage earner and the free organisation of industry by those who do the actual work.

The Italian-Greek Quarrel.

The Trade Union Congress fell into line, as it almost always does, with Government foreign policy. It has maintained a cautious, though deprecatory, attitude towards the Ruhr occupation, just as the Government has done. It has hitherto refrained from denunciations of Mr. Mussolini and his arbitrary seizure of power and dictatorship; but now that the policy of Mr. Mussolini has brought him into conflict with British Government policy, Labour imperialists like Messrs. Thomas, Clynes and Jones begin to make him the butt of their abuse.

The Congress passed a resolution, which the Government must have considered a model of propriety, in which it urged the British Government "to use its mediatory influence with the Italian Government" to refer the dispute to the League of Nations.

Clynes and Italian Boycott.

Mr. Clynes, M.P., said:

"IT MAY BE THAT THE ONLY ACTION POSSIBLE WILL BE THE WORLD ISOLATION AND WORLD BOYCOTT OF ITALY."

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, in a "Daily Herald" leader, which he now repudiates, as will be observed from his letter published in another column, was therefore not out of harmony with the views of at least some of the Labour Party leaders.

The amendment moved by Mr. Pollitt, to delete the reference to the League of Nations, seems to have secured only half-a-dozen supporters.

That amendment was by no means adequate to meet the case of a resolution framed in accordance with Capitalist Imperialist policy.

Mr. Pollitt rightly said it is the business of the workers' movement in this country to address itself to the workers' movements in Italy, Greece, and other countries, not to the Governments; but the Trade Union Congress is not a hopeful field for such appeals.

The Ruhr.

Very striking was the contrast in the Trade Union Congress treatment of the French occupation of the Ruhr with its stern and bellicose attitude towards Italy. The Ruhr resolution made no mention of the League of Nations, but called upon the peoples of France and Belgium to change the national policy of their Governments. Miss Bondfield, in moving the resolution, fatuously declared that the Labour Party had headed the British Government in the right direction, and asked the French and Belgian workers to do the same. Evidently she does not realise that the Labour Party has been slavishly following the policy of each successive Government that has taken office, from the day when Mr. Asquith's Government declared war on Germany, till the present time.

The "Manchester Guardian" correspondent observed that the attitude of Miss Bondfield and Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., who seconded the resolution, was but little in advance of Mr. Baldwin's. Mr. Thomas is certainly more aggressively nationalist in his utterances than cautious Mr. Baldwin allows himself to be at this time.

The "Daily Herald."

So the "Daily Herald" is to be kept going to the end of the year, if £12,500 is raised for it by the end of September. It would appear from an article by Mr. Lansbury in the "Daily Herald" that this sum is already secured, for he says: "*The £12,500 pledged us is only for bare necessities.*"

A writer in the "Newspaper World" asks how the staff of the "Daily Herald" compares numerically with the staff of an ordinary capitalist daily of similar size. A comparison both of the numbers employed and salaries and wages paid by various newspapers, including the "Daily Herald," would prove interesting.

Secretarial Remuneration.

The Trade Union Congress lived up to its comfortable reputation by voting the retiring secretary, Mr. Bowerman, a pension of £300 a year, which will give him, with his Parliamentary salary, an income of £700. Mr. Fred Bramley, the new secretary, was given £750 a year, with the proviso that he must not go into Parliament whilst he retains the office.

And these are supposed to be incidents of the struggle to emancipate the workers from wage slavery!

Unemployment.

The usual resolution upon unemployment was passed after a deputation of unemployed had addressed itself largely to empty benches.

The delegate who thought the unemployed maintenance demands too high voted £300 and £750 a year to Messrs. Bowerman and Bramley.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Comrade,

I note you make a point that the new union desired to make its object the abolition of the capitalist system. Well, if the new union will look at the membership cards now issued by the old union they will find this stated under "Objects."

Secondly, if the object of the new union is to abolish capitalism, why form a new union at all, when there are plenty of parties who advocate such an object, for instance, the Communist Workers' Movement.

If there is any logic at all in their policy it is that we should break away and form new organisations whenever a muddle appears on the skyline. It is a policy of scatter and re-form in the rear. It is desertion in the face of the enemy.

The unemployed have no workshops, so they cannot possibly be said to work for workshop council organisation. Even so, was it so necessary to make a split in order to be able to do this?

It is said that "the minority, with its forward policy, finds its propaganda swamped and wiped out by the majority." This is also true of our daily life. The forward minority is always being thwarted and swamped by the "damned compact majority." But the forward minority does not emigrate to the Sandwich Isles and form a new nation there. The forward minority stays at home and kicks up some more fireworks.—Yours, etc.,

L. A. MOTLER.

[The Unemployed Workers' Organisation has not emigrated to the Sandwich Islands: it has stayed at home to kick up some more fireworks. If Comrade Motler's argument were thoroughly applied, we should all be Fabians, permeating the parties we happened to find in existence.

Comrade Motler misses the point when he says "the unemployed have no workshops, therefore they cannot possibly be said to work for workshop council organisation."

The question is whether the unemployed organisation is to be an appendix to the Trade Unions and Labour Party, or whether it is to belong to the rank-and-file movement.—EDITOR.]

Going to press we are informed that the debate between Comrades Soderburg and Hannington will take place in Poplar Town Hall, on Friday, 21st September, at 8 p.m.

WORKS OF JAMES CONNOLLY.

The Irish Revolution	6d.
Jim Larkin, The Man and His Fight	6d.
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Life, Works, and Letters—Part I.	6d.

Order early, and send cash with order. No. 1 is ready. The others will follow shortly.

From the "Dreadnought" Bookshop.

Workers' Dreadnought

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Editor: SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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Our View.

The Japanese Earthquake

If the reports be true that Tokyo and Yokohama are in ruins and many of the most famous Japanese idols are destroyed, the question may be asked whether Japan will suffer more from the material loss than she will gain in emancipation from superstition by the destruction of the gods.

The priests will explain that the idol is not the god, but the god's image, but into the minds of those countless poor people who have worshipped the image as something of super-human power, will begin to dawn the light of an emancipating scepticism.

Through Yokohama passed 33 per cent. of Japan's trade, and it is said that the port of Yokohama has been blocked by submarine changes which have made it impossible for ocean liners to get within five miles of their former berths; but Japan has other ports and the capacity to build other cities. The new cities which will arise will be built with all the advantages of modern knowledge. They will be cities without ancient decaying buildings; without the narrow streets that modern traffic has outgrown. Neither Tokyo nor Yokohama had a modern sewerage system, both had large areas of narrow unhealthy streets. New cities will be built on modern lines and embodying the latest inventions to minimise earthquake and fire risks. We predict as a result of the earthquake a great outburst of Japanese energy and constructive achievement.

How splendid if only the earthquake had been able to destroy, not merely a couple of cities with their rubbish of slums and idols, but the social system itself, provided the necessary mental change might also have taken place which would prepare the people for communist life.

* * *

Mussolini Rampant

The Italo-Greek crisis at the moment of writing is supposed to be solved, since the Ambassadors' Conference of the Allies has sponsored the Italian demands as just, and Greece has accepted them, whilst Italy has "acquiesced." Yet everyone is asking whether the crisis is really over, for whilst it was thought that Mr. Mussolini would now consent to withdraw his troops from Corfu, he is obviously not intending to do so, and though he is supposed to be waiting till the murderers of the five Italians have been discovered and punished, there is a shrewd suspicion abroad that Mr. Mussolini does not mean to withdraw even then. It is even reported that he has taken another island.

Meanwhile the Fiume question is coming to a head, for Mr. Mussolini has indicated that if he has not reached an agreement with the Yugo-Slav Government by September 15th, he will take the settlement of the matter into his own hands. This means, of course, that Italian troops will be sent to seize the territory in dispute, unless French mediation stay Mussolini's hand.

The French and British Governments each desire Italy for an ally when the Franco-British rivalry reaches war point.

Italian imperialism, with Mr. Mussolini as its spokesman, is using the situation for its own ends. Italy, at least for the present, is unable to be a first-class industrial or military Power. Therefore her imperialists make what they can from the rivalries of stronger Powers.

* * *

The Mussolini Terror

Few people realise here in Britain the terror which Fascism exercises in Italy. A friend returning from Italy tells us of numbers of people, factory workers, hotel and shop keepers, and others, in defiance of their convictions, donning the black shirt or wearing Fascist rings with the skull and cross bones, in order to preserve their employment, or to avoid boycott and violence. Fascisti paint their houses in the Italian national colours, so that they may be known to their black-shirt comrades and spared during Fascist pogroms. Many other people, who are actually opposed to Fascism, also resort to the red, white and green, as a protective measure

Boycotting Italy

A REPLY FROM THE "DAILY HERALD" EDITOR.

Dear Miss Pankhurst,

The leading article about Italy was, I admit, now that I come to look at it again, open to misconception. I thought it would be obvious that the reference to Italian restaurant keepers and ice-cream merchants was ironical. The sentence ran, "If the League of Nations enforces the Covenant," certain things would happen, the idea in the writer's mind being, as appeared obvious to me when I first read it, to suggest that there was no chance whatever of the Covenant being enforced, and to bring ridicule upon the thing.

I fancy that the vast majority of our readers must have taken that view of it; but humour does not appeal to everybody, and as I have one other letter calling attention to this point, which is shorter and, if I may say so, more pointed than yours, I am publishing that, and return the enclosed with thanks and regrets.

Faithfully,
HAMILTON FYFE,
Editor.

What the 'Daily Herald' Really Said

The best reply to Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's answer is the "Daily Herald" article in question. Here it is, reproduced in full:—

"BOYCOTT ITALY.

"By Article 12 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, to which Italy is a 'high contracting party,' all the nations which are contracting parties agree to submit disputes which cannot be settled by friendly means either to arbitration or inquiry by the Executive Council of the League. They agree also not to 'resort to war' until they have done this.

"The Italian Government has broken its promise, repudiated its signature, treated as a scrap of paper the Covenant by which it solemnly agreed to be bound. It has resorted to war without warning and murdered a number of unfortunate, helpless people. It has declined to submit its dispute with Greece to the Council of the League.

"According to the Covenant of the League, what comes next? We are told by Article 16, which lays it down that, should any of the high contracting parties break or disregard its undertaking mentioned in Article 12, *it shall thereby be deemed to have committed an act of war against all the other members of the League, which hereby undertakes immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, and the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State.*

"Further, the other members of the League must, if they carry out their obligations under the Covenant, immediately prevent 'all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between Italian citizens and the citizens of any other State, whether a member of the League or not.' In other and plainer words, the Italian Government, by refusing to submit its dispute with Greece to the League, has made the Italian nation liable to a complete boycott by almost all other European Peoples.

"If the League Covenant be enforced, no Briton will eat in an Italian restaurant or buy ice-cream off an Italian barrow. No tourists will spend money in Italy. All business with Italian firms will be suspended. And the Italians would deserve this, and more, if they approve of Signor Mussolini's murders and treaty-breaking.

"There must be no operations of war. Let us all resolve on that. But, short of war, we ought to show the Italians our opinion of such behaviour. For, if they approve it, it is their behaviour. If they do not approve it, they can show their disapproval by turning Signor Mussolini out. We heartily hope they will."

The Blue Pencil.

It is interesting to observe that our letter, which Mr. Hamilton Fyfe obligingly returned to us, had been blue-pencilled at the following point:

> "You, who acclaimed Mussolini, when, by an insurgent military coup, he seized power in Italy over the wreckage of the Italian Labour, Socialist, and Co-operative movement, are more to blame, in connection with Mussolini, than is the defenceless Italian community of London."

Hamilton Fyfe and Mussolini.

In justification of those words, let us quote from a signed article by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, when Mr. Mussolini rose to power:

> "Whether the Italian Fascisti are enemies to the point of view of the workers of this country is not very clear. . . . As Browning says: 'We needs must love the highest when we see it.' [This quotation, of course, is from Tennyson, not Browning.] . . . It is impossible not to feel a certain amount of admiration for this man [Mussolini, the Fascist leader], who has organised what he calls a bloodless revolution."

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's reply to us makes very curious reading when taken in conjunction with the speech of Mr. Clynes, at the Trade Union Congress, advocating an Italian boycott.

We again ask: What is the Official Labour Party policy?

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS.

At the Congress of the South African Party, presided over by Mr. Duncan, Minister of Interior, at Bloemfontein, the following resolution was carried amid acclamation:

> "That the Government be requested to introduce legislation to prohibit the distribution of propaganda for the advancement of Bolshevism amongst both white and coloured."

As to Bolshevist propaganda, much of this, said the Minister of the Interior, was being carried on by people domiciled in South Africa for over twenty years, and there was no question of turning them out. They were British subjects, and, naturally, other countries did not want them.

Having "settled" everything in South Africa, our Premier is about to leave for London to attend the Imperial Conference, as well as to put the rest of the world right; leaving behind 150,000 poor whites.

During the past eighteen months the number of civil summonses issued was 11,263.

Returned soldiers, with breasts covered with medal ribbons, stand outside the General Post Office, Cape Town, cleaning the boots of natives for threepence, with Union Jacks stuck on their blacking boxes. The Chamber of Mines advertises, with jubilation, the fact that £300,000 per

week has been saved by the industry on white wages since the General Strike.

The Imperial Government has presented the Union Government with a captured gun, inscribed: "Captured by the S.A. Brigade from the Turks." The gun was made by Sir George Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. in 1910. This shows the "true international" spirit of Capitalism.

The following notice was posted on the notice-board at the British Empire League, Johannesburg, on the 26th July, headed "For General Information":

"All single men who have been continuously assisted by this League for the past month with beds and meals are notified that only a further three days can be allowed, as employment can now be obtained at Franklin, Harteleespoort. Signed, John Harvey (for Secretary)."

It is understood that the wages offered are 3s. 6d. per day.

"God Save the King!"

ISAAC VERMONT.

Unemployed Workers Organisation.

Much interest was aroused in the Borough of Poplar, during the last week, arising from a large demonstration which was held outside the local Relief Station in support of Comrade Johns, whose case was mentioned in the "Workers' Dreadnought." This was the first demonstration held by the U.W.O., and, in spite of the rain, it was well attended. The result was a victory for the U.W.O., Comrade Johns gained the day, and consequently his relief.

The necessity for rank and file action has been continuously pointed out. It is most essential that individual members should realise that it is they who are the organisation, and it is they who have to work and be responsible for their own destinies. If numerical strength can be taken as a criterion, the U.W.O. can truthfully be said to have progressed remarkably well. The membership in Poplar and Millwall is increasing, which is to be expected at this time of the year. Bow Branch is very strong, and I should imagine it to be the most powerful branch of unemployed workers in the country. Edmonton reports satisfactory progress.

When Comrade Hannington, national organiser, N.U.W.C.M., addressed the Poplar Branch a few weeks ago, he purposely refrained from expressing any opinion re disaffiliation in the absence of Comrade Soderburg, but expressed a desire to debate or discuss the situation publicly or before a meeting of members of our organisation.

Now Comrade Soderburg has returned from hospital, this opportunity will not be denied to Comrade Hannington. As soon as the necessary arrangements are made, and Comrade Soderburg is in a fit condition, no doubt the debate will be held.

I am sure a meeting of this description will create a lively interest in the East End unemployed circles, and whatever the result may be, I am sure some good will have been done for the working-class movement.

The Area Secretary reports having received numerous letters, which have all been answered. Information, rules, or manifesto of the U.W.O. can be had on application to the Area Secretary, U.W.O., Town Hall, Poplar.

J. T. BELLAMY,
Area Organiser.

RATIONAL LIVING.

A radical, independent magazine for the workers, devoted to the teaching of rational methods of living in present society, always emphasising the social-economical-industrial background of wrong living. Stands for prevention of disease, for conservation of health, for drugless healing, and against all swindles in the healing professions. Special price for the readers of the "Workers' Dreadnought," 1.50 dol. (7/6 for 12 numbers). Our famous book, "The Child and the Home," by Dr. B. Liber, on the radical upbringing of children, special price for the readers of the "Workers' Dreadnought," 1.50 dol. (7/6). Address: Rational Living, 61 Hamilton Place, New

Mrs. Brown in Search of the Truth

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have taken your paper in ever since the young woman what keeps the newspaper and cigar shop round the corner sold it to me instead of the "Christian Commonwealth," which I allus used to read. At first I was terribly bothered to make out what those x and z meant, but gave it up and left that alone and read the other parts; and I find that it means a better life for poor people here, and the other paper was filled with talk about angels and cherrybims, and seraphims and eternal harps; so I sez to the young woman as kep the shop, "You may get me one every week." Sez she, "Mrs. Brown you will get locked up; for the man who orders one here is only out on bail, and is going to be tried for creating seduction." "Never mind," sez I, "I'll find out what it's all about. The other paper tells us that we are all to meet up above and be clothed with glory, which isn't clothes at all, and I think that even if it's true it won't be decent. So get me my 'Weal' every week." Well, the hussy goes and tells our first floor as I was a Socialist and a rioter. Me a rioter! And at my age! And that bad with rheumatiz that I can scarcely walk! So as I'm going downstairs I meets our first-floor. "Oh," sez she, "how do, Mrs. Brown? So you belong to the Socialism, I hear?" "Not me," sez I, firing up a bit, "but I likes to hear both sides." "H'm," sez she, "a parcel of blarsted furriners, what lives on muck that a dog wouldn't eat—leastways not an English dog. They want other people's goods, and would swim in blood to get 'em." Sez I, "It's odd for you to talk like that, and you have two boys home on holiday, one a soldier and the other a sailor; and I heerd the soldier a-bragging as how they sold and auctioneer'd off the things they stole in Burmah, and how many people they flogged and shot; and the sailor told us as how his ship fired upon some poor black people's houses, killing men, wimmin and children, because someone else, not they, had eaten a missionary who went a-poking his nose where he'd no bizness. If he was like the missionaries as comes sneaking about our doors they must have felt awful bad, poor things, after their meal. Murder's murder," sez I, "and I shouldn't like to mother 'em or hide 'em as does it." "Do you call my boys murderers," yelled she, "as went out to fight for their country?" "Fight for their country!" sez I. "Bosh. Went because they'd been out of work for nigh a twelvemonth, and had nothing but the workus in front of 'em. A pretty country to fight for!" "Yes," sez she, "the likes of you would let all the blarsted furriners come here and take our things." "Oh, no, Mrs. Perkins," sez I, "we've got some good English brokers as can manage that job; that *you* know!" (She owed a lot of rent.) "And when they've done with you, all you get of 'your' splendid country will be at the bottom of a parish grave," sez I, "an' a black box with the chalk mark rubbed out, like them people over the way, whose old man was buried by the parish, and they cried over the wrong coffin, because the mark was out." "Anyway," sez she, in a rage, "we don't eat the filth that them wretches as are born abroad do." Just then her little Annie came in from the shed; she's a saucy little slut. "Mother," sez she, "I can't get no cold faggots; they're sold out But the man sez he can let you have some pieces cheap, as the weather is 'ot and he's afraid they'll turn." "You little wretch!" screams her mother, giving her a fearful smack, and, rushing after her, left me. "Well," thinks I, "it's a splendid country to go let your children commit murder abroad for, when it comes to cold faggots on a Tuesday at home!"

We don't speak now, me and Mrs. Perkins.

I went to a meeting the other evening. It was this way. I seed a bill in a shop window to say as how a public meeting was going to be held that same evening to tell people as how if they would give up eating meat and take to nuts and fruit instead they would all be well off, and have no more drunkards, fools, or paupers; I was flabbergasted. I stepped back a little to make sure of the address, and a man sez, "Hold up, mother, are you drunk?" "No," sez I, "only upset." And I was upset to think as how my "Weal" comes out every week saying as there must be a Social Revolution before things would mend, and here it was, after all, in a "nutshell" and all settled; only got to eat nuts and fruit and it would all come right. "I'll go to that meeting," sez I to myself, when I got upstairs, so I takes my old gamp and starts. As I gets on the first landing, Mrs. Perkins opens her door a little and sez out loud, "Oh, there's going to be another row in the Square, and they're going armed," sez she, looking at my umbrella. I was going to say something about those faggots, but I let it go and bore it all for the Cause. Well, I gets to the meeting, and there was a lot of thin, pale people on the platform, all lookin' as though they had just got over a bad bout of illness—trained to run up gas pipes, as my Jack used to say.

The Chairman opened with a long speech, and said as how the working people—he wasn't one hisself—eat and drank too much and wasted too much wages, and as we couldn't keep up with the furriners, we must eat nuts and fruit and some prison bread he showed us. After some more of the invalids had said something, someone gets up in the hall and said he was a member of a subbuban branch of the Socialist League. Didn't he let them have it. I could have kissed him on the spot! He said as how they wanted to get us down as low as Chinymen and Hindoos, what lives on rice and nuts, and as how people like Brassey and others ought to try the skilly and prison bread. I shouted "'Ear, 'ear!" and banged the old gamp on the floor. "Order, order," sez they to me, and then another one gets up and was rude to them. He sez, "I keeps a lot of cocks and hens, and they're vegetarians, and I give them the oats and beans, and they live on that and I live on them." One got up on their side and said as how we used to have grandnivorous teeth and now had got cardnivorous ones through eating meat. Then they handed round some prison bread and nuts and raisins to try, and some boys in the gallery seized the lot and began singing, "I've tasted once or twice, and found them very nice." Then there was a rumpus, so I came out. I seed some police outside, and I thought as how I should like to see their teeth before they joined. I know they must have grandnivorous ones, for they never taste meat until they get quartered on us Cockneys to ill-treat us and take away our rights. Fine body of men, they say, but you should see the one as is on our beat, only just up from the shires. He walks like a retriever pup after a bone. I see in the "Telegraph," which I hears is got up by a Jew, that the police is a brave lot. I don't know what bravery is, but if running after poor people's kids as has only the streets to play in, and knocking them about and stealing their toys to take home to their own brats, or taking money from poor girls on the streets, and persecuting costermongers and cabmen and coffee-stall men, and perjuring themselves, is bravery, they are brave. Just because they catch a burglar once in three times they're a brave lot; so they ought to, they're the servants of the hupper classes, and it's only them as burglars go for. Who'd burgle me and my gamp, I'd like to know? We're more afraid of brokers than burglars down my street. If the Jew what I hear got the paper up what says that we poor people are failures because we are poor, had his deserts given him, he would be more civil. If the working-men don't take it out of him and the police he is so fond of, then they deserve to be insulted and knocked about, and this is the honest opinion of

SAIREY BROWN.

—(From *The Commonweal*, January 21st, 1888.)

Read **EIRE** The Irish Nation

Weekly Review of Irish Republican Opinion

PRICE TWOPENCE

On Sale Saturdays

Home Rule Pageant

By TOM ANDERSON.
(Proletarian Schools.)

We have had a Home Rule Pageant in Glasgow. It was a great affair; better by far than any circus. The cultured bourgeois was there, and so was his daughter, and a few of his sons, and quite a number of Scottish M.P.'s.

Thomas Johnstone, M.P., was there, and he made a speech, and also wrote an article in the "Forward," of which paper he is editor. In his article he defended himself for being present at the Pageant. Thomas Johnstone, M.P., a Labour M.P., is a Scotsman: a Scotsman before he is a Socialist, because he says you must be a Nationalist before you can become an Internationalist. He says if you are not that, you are nothing. Bravo Thomas! Home Rule is a good stunt, though it will not fill the bellies of the 100,000 unemployed in Glasgow.

Jimmie Maxton, M.P., was also there; in fact, nearly all our Labour boys were there. Do you know the reason why? They want to impress upon "Henry" that they are democrats, so that "Henry" will vote for them at the next election.

It was a splendid advertisement and cost them nothing. All the bosses' papers gave them good notices. Is that not grand?

But what about starving "Henry"; poor, down-trodden, doped "Henry"?

The very thing for him says Mr. Thomas Johnstone (Scotsman), M.P., with alleged Labour and Socialist leanings, but with deadly enmity to booze. It is good for him, says Thomas, he must be a Nationalist first; afterwards we may get him to read the "Forward" and join the I.L.P.

They had tableaux of Scottish history, and the young ladies of the middle class did the acting. Oh! but it was splendid; just as good as a royal turn-out!

"Henry" was not in the procession. "Henry" is not a Nationalist—yet; and so the show was got up to cod him into the belief that he was one.

A goodly number of the respectable members of the ethical I.L.P. were there, but down here we rate them on the same plane as the Salvation Army; we do not take them seriously.

They passed a resolution about Sir William Wallace—he is supposed to have been a Scottish hero, whom the dirty English beheaded. Of course, that is about 800 years ago. At that time there were nothing but heroes living in Scotland, and we had only one religion.

The serfs and the slaves were not counted; they were only cattle belonging to the herd. But now the serfs are wage-slaves and have got a vote, and so our Labour men were there so that the slaves might take notice of them.

Do you see it now?

But let me tell you that the slaves in Glasgow laughed at the Home Rule pageant; they took it as a huge joke. That is one thing that can be said of the alleged Scottish wage-slaves: they like a joke, and they will allow you to tell the biggest lie it is possible to tell, if there is a joke in it.

I heard a group of them on the Labour M.P.'s: "These blokes are doing well," one said, and the company laughed.

Another one said: "They can ring the changes not bad." "See that parson bloke," said one of them, "he's living on his Master's sheep, instead of feeding them."

The laugh here became general.

Then a lady speaker was put up. "She's a top-notcher," said a chap with a muffler.

"A thousand to one on," another one said. "She does not wash stairs."

A quiet little man, past middle life, turned to me and said: "They are a lot of twisters."

I only smiled; my duty was to listen. But I was found out: a few gathered round me and said: "Let us have a proletarian lecture, Tom?"

I tried to excuse myself by saying this was a Scottish Home Rule demonstration which the middle class had organised, and begged to be excused from speaking now, but if they would come to-morrow evening (Sunday), I would give them a proletarian lecture. And so I did, to an audience of nearly 1,000 workers. My lecture was on the Bourgeosie, as given in this month's "Proletcult," price one penny. Buy a copy and I am certain you will enjoy it, and if, after reading that lecture you have any sentiments of Home Rule in your veins, I would advise you, then, either to join the Salvation Army or the I.L.P.

Recent Fighting in Hamburg

From the Workers' Esperanto Service, B.L.E.S.

(The following is an extract from an Esperanto letter, dated 5th September, 1923, written by Hermann Theobold, of Altona, Steenkamp. It pictures one of the many smaller conflicts which are leading up to the inevitable greater clash between the Left and Right Wings in Germany.)

"On the 10th and 11th of August last, the fifty to sixty thousand workers of the great shipyards of Hamburg were locked out. Thus the employers replied to the workers' demands of: (1) payment of wages in the same week as earned instead of the usual method—a week afterwards; (2) payments on Tuesday and Fridays because of the daily and hourly increases in the cost of living; (3) a rise in wages according to gold prices; and (4) special economic assistance by a grant of ten million marks.

Treachery of Union Officials.

On the Saturday evening a report was circulated in the Press—too late for any explanation or contradiction—that the shipyards would be open on the following Monday (13th) and the workers taken on as needed. The latter, of course, meant that a clean sweep was to be made of all the 'live wires' behind the workers' demands, and the Union leaders were consenting parties to the arrangement about which they did not even trouble to consult their members.

At the Elbe tunnel—by which thousands of Hamburg workers proceed to the shipyards—on the Monday morning following an attempt was made to hold back those workers who had been misled by the confusing report issued. A successful exposure of the complicity of the Union leaders and an effective appeal against any partial return to work were made.

Police Fire on Workers.

Then the police intervened. But the detachment was too weak, and it was pushed behind the dome of the tunnel. From this refuge it fired upon the crowd and killed two workers. In revenge the crowd rushed and disarmed the police, and threw their weapons into the Elbe, along with some of the police officials; a few police were killed. A larger force was then mobilised, and, during the ensuing conflict, according to partial reports, ten to fifteen workers and twelve to eighteen police were mortally wounded. In the fight many of the police voluntarily threw away their arms in sympathy with the workers.

A Social Democratic Police Chief.

The stoppage of work continued for a few days, but the workers were finally compelled to return to work with their demands still unconceded. The chief of the police, the Social-Democrat Heuse, had suppressed the "Hamburg Volkszeitung" so that the details of the affair could be hidden, and even now he censors freely this journal. The killed workers (their number is uncertain) were secretly buried without even their relatives being informed. Similar conflicts in other towns have occurred. So has ended another wave of revolutionary feeling in apparent failure. However, the Hamburg affair showed the support the Communists have among the workers, and the inevitable and increasing misery will soon create a tide of feeling which will produce new conflicts until the great social change is effected."

Lessons for Young Proletarians

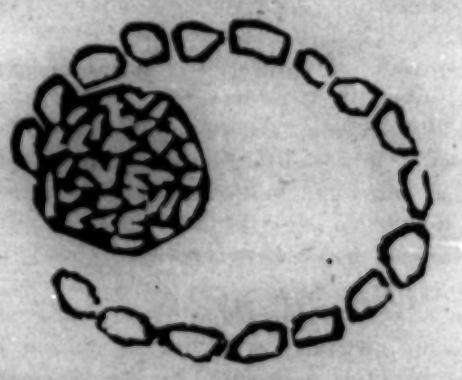
In previous lessons we spoke of the people of the early and middle stone ages.

The remains of the settlements of late stone age men are found especially by watercourses, lakes, and inlets of the sea.

Traces of the wattle huts of the late stone age Norsemen are to be found in straggling lines along the sea beach of Denmark. A circle of stones surrounded the base of the walls. Beside the door was a rough stone hearth, placed there that the smoke might escape through the door, for chimneys were not yet made. The walls were of wattle, that is to say, interwoven reeds smeared with clay. The stone circle and the hearth have remained through the ages, though the wattles have disappeared, but amongst the rubbish that accumulated in those old huts, and has since gathered upon them, patches of burnt clay have been found, bearing on one side the indented basket-work pattern of the wattles. On the other side is the impression of the human fingers that pressed the clay on to the walls, perhaps 10,000 years ago. The fire by which that old hut was destroyed in that far-off time, baked to pottery the plaster of clay that covered the woven reeds.

Remember that modern knowledge of those ancient times has been largely gathered by observation of primitive people still existing in various parts of the world to-day.

Those early Norse people were hunters and fishermen. They made rude boats and caught large quantities of oysters and other shell fish. They hunted the wild boar and the wild bull in the forests. The skeleton of a wild bull found in the Danish forests bears the marks of the arrows of late stone age hunters. The bull was shot in the back near the spine and it is thought that the wound healed, but a scar was left on one of his ribs. Later on the bull was shot by several arrows, one of which struck a rib and broke off. The piece of the arrow is still embedded in the rib. The wounded bull, doubtless pursued by the hunter, attempted to swim a lake, but died in the effort, and its body sank to the bottom. In course of time the lake became filled, and water ten feet deep was followed by dry peat of the same depth, which covered the skeleton of the bull. In 1905, perhaps 10,000 years after, excavators found the bull's skeleton, with the flint arrow heads that killed the bull, lying beside it.



Plan of Remains of a Late Stone Age Hut.
The circle of stones surrounded the walls, which were of wattle. The rough stone hearth, to the left, was placed near the door to enable the smoke from the fire to escape.

Returning from the chase, the hunters and their families gathered about the fire to eat what they had caught, tossing aside the oyster shells and the bones of the animals.

This refuse accumulated in ridges, parallel with the shore line, and hundreds of feet long.

The jackals of the neighbouring forest crept up to the heaps of refuse to gnaw the bones, on which the marks of their teeth are still to be seen. Gradually these wild beasts remained by the fireside, to become the friends and companions of mankind. To-day we call them dogs. They were the first domestic animals.

Bits of burned clay and broken pots can still be found in these shell heaps. Thus we know

that those Norsemen had discovered that clay can be burnt to make pottery, and had learnt to model it. Some believe they had learnt this from the men of the South; but there is no doubt pottery has been invented independently by many peoples living far away from each other in various parts of the world. It is thought that the beginning of pottery was the smearing of a basket with clay, to make it watertight, as was done also with the walls of the hut; then the attempt to heat the contents of the basket over the fire resulted in the discovery that heat would harden the clay.

Another important discovery of the late stone age was that the edge of a stone tool might be sharpened by grinding on a whetstone, just as steel tools are sharpened to-day. In the shell heaps are found heavy stone axes, having the edge ground.

The middle stone age people have left behind axes, and various sorts of chisels, knives, drills, saws, and whetstones, made of flint or other hard stones. Wooden handles were attached to the stone axe heads by lashings, or a hole was bored in the axe head, and the wooden handle inserted.

All this and more has been discovered by digging in the shell-heaps left by the people of those times. Earth has accumulated upon the shell-heaps, grass has grown over them, crops are sown and reaped above them; but underneath lie these witnesses of the past.

Recent experiments in Denmark have shown that a modern mechanic, unaccustomed to stone tools, could with a stone axe cut down and convert into logs, twenty-six pine trees eight inches thick. One mechanic did the entire work of cutting the timber and building a house with stone tools in eighty-one days.

Is Human Nature Selfish?

A plea in its Favour

Every Socialist propagandist knows with what monotonous frequency he meets what may be properly termed Capitalism's last argument, namely, "You Socialists don't take human nature into your calculations; human nature is selfish, and you cannot alter that fact."

In his rather interesting attempt to dispose of this, the huckster's slogan (which, by the way, is palpably hollow), Mr. J. R. Morris, in the "Workers' Dreadnought" of 11th August, states: ". . . Selfishness is justified up to the point of acquiring that which to human nature is absolutely necessary." Here, undoubtedly, the writer has "self-preservation" in his view, and there is no need to confound that idea with selfishness which, of course, is concerned with the acquisition, at the expense of others, of *more* than is individually necessary. When, however, our friend goes the length of declaring that selfishness is "inherent" in human nature, he not only weakens the foundations of Communism from a desire to be scrupulously fair in dealing with the quibbles of the enemy, but he will find it extremely difficult, besides, to justify the statement from an appeal to the facts of life and experience.

Two things immediately confront us when we proceed on the erroneous assumption that human nature is inherently selfish:

(1) The capitalist system is fatal to the exercise of unselfish conduct;

(2) Apart altogether from the instinct of self-preservation, there exists a vast amount of unselfishness in the world to-day.

Now, where did the unselfishness originate? Obviously (according to our erroneous assumption) not in human nature; but also, just as obviously, not in the capitalist system, in whose atmosphere of selfishness human nature draws its breath from the cradle to the grave. So, we quickly arrive at a deadlock, for unless from heredity, or from environment, no other natural source for this amiable quality exists that we know of.

The notion that human nature is inherently selfish is seen to be unsound when one considers how human sympathy, and mutual help, persist in spite of the callous brutality which is a constant feature of the competitive struggle under Capitalism. Indeed, when we contemplate the fact that the rewards in the arena of Capitalism fall invariably to the selfish, and not to the deserving, this phenomenon of human unselfishness becomes astonishing; for, observe, unselfishness, in the main, is practised by those who suffer most from the insecurity of the material scramble which Capitalism imposes upon its victims, and not, in the main, by those who live in comparative security. We can assert quite positively, in short, that whatever forms of unselfishness exist in the world to-day maintain their existence in spite of, and not because of, Capitalism. This being so, we are compelled to turn our attention to human nature itself as the well-spring of unselfishness; and in human nature, itself, it is to be found.

In the Universal Passion will be found the centrifugal power from which, at a thousand tangents, a multitude of unselfish emotions are radiated throughout society, making life (hopeless as Capitalism has made it) tolerable to many of the most down-trodden.

Self-preservation is forgotten in the presence of the more overwhelming impulse when the wild animal will sacrifice itself in order to save its young. So, under the imperious compulsion of Love, the man will sacrifice himself for the woman, the woman for her children, the brother for the sister, the friend for the friend, the workman for his mate, and so on in an ever-widening circle; until we reach what might justly be called the apotheosis of unselfishness, in the sacrifice which the disciple of a new social order is prepared to make to hasten the advent of a dawn which he may never see, in the interests of those whom he has never seen.

In one of his inimitable epistles, Burns wrote:

Awa' ye selfish war'ly race
Wha think that havins,(1) sense and grace,—
Ev'n love an' friendship—should give place
To catch-the-plack! (2)
I dinna like tae see your face,
Nor hear your crack; (3)

But ye, whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
"Each aid the others!"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

All the poet's righteous scorn of the stony-hearted worshippers of Mammon we feel, as we scan the former verse; and our hearts beat in unison with his as he expresses, in the latter verse, his yearning for human brotherhood. Unless the feeling of unselfishness were deeply rooted in our natures (more deeply than the emotion of selfishness) these words would fail utterly to stir us; yet the movement towards international brotherhood grows steadily as "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

"Under Socialism," writes Mr. Morris, "selfishness will still be the predominating instinct of mankind." On the contrary, unselfishness (that flower of the human heart), which has struggled so amazingly to keep alive in the blighting wilderness of capitalist exploitation, in its new and fertile *habitat*, will flourish and bloom in unexpected places, and in ways as yet undreamed of.

W. L. FALCONER.

(1) Decent behaviour. (2) Money-grabbing.
(3) Talk.

THE SOCIALIST.
Official Organ of the Socialist Labour Party.

A JOURNAL FOR
REVOLUTIONARY INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM
AND WORKERS' CONTROL
OF INDUSTRY.

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Karl Liebknecht's Letters.

Luckau, March 10, 1918.

(492nd day of imprisonment; 674th since my arrest; 968 days more.)

Dearest,

I am writing to you on my work bench; the fresh morning air comes in through the open window, with the twittering of the sparrows. How sharp the March wind is!

I have had all sorts of pleasant dreams to-night, as usual. There is a feeling of 1871 about—the Paris Commune—and of the years 1848 and 1849, notable years in all countries; and of the Russian 1917, where the words of the Marseillaise have a very literal meaning just now. The enclosed letter to Willy is about the affairs mentioned in your letter, which, however, seem to be quite different from what I thought. It was kept back by the Governor on account of the political allusions, which you seem to have forgotten for the moment are not allowed. After all the objectionable words had been censored, I was allowed to have all your personal news, in such touching, warm, vivid words, that I seemed to have you here warm and living in my arms, although we are divided by a wide distance; words that surely will render me immortal if Love is still omnipotent.

With respect to the other, you know that my opinion differs from yours only in being harsher, and in that I carry it out in action as much and as far as I can. It is activity which redeems the individual.

By analysing present events, in order to discover the reason of past events, to find the connecting link between past and present, and thus to prognosticate the probable future and discover our duty respectively to present and future, it seems that, as far as we can judge, events are ripening fast; and this process of meditation before action of the political man, raises him above the mere event, giving it its true spiritual significance. Here it is not a case of "sub specie æternitatis"—in a kind of eternity.

Just give a glance at history, and you will feel wonderfully encouraged. The passing changes of these days will not deceive you any more; the crash of impending events will not stun you. How small and miserable men are; and sometimes, I think, even ridiculous; even those who think themselves great!

These are only passing changes, an intermediate stage, and in the meantime it behoves every one of us to hold fast to his duty.

Just think of the dozens of republics of Napoleon, and of his factory of new States! The efficacy of his manufacture in this line is more than problematic. You cannot export revolutionary conquests, but their contrary. Nothing is more certainly episodic than that which bears the stamp of a ridiculous opposition to the laws of nature. It can bring nothing but misfortune.

The private and personal side, such as the fate of your mother and sisters, is certainly not settled by all this. It breaks my heart not to be able to be near you just now, in this hour of racking agony. Everything torments me, every bit of news in the papers which may have some bearing on their present situation. What a sight will be presented to our eyes when the deluge has passed, and all these chaotic vapours have disappeared!

It is impossible to hope for news yet. How I would like to keep your hand in mine, to kiss away your troubles, and not let you leave me any more. It is a year ago, all but three days, since you came to see me alone for the first time; just before you went to Ebenhausen; and it is already two months and a half since your last visit. Soon I shall have you again for an hour.

By the way, I hear that you have something the matter with your foot. I want to kiss it better. Do you remember how we sat once on that beautiful terrace in Grunewald; just you and I alone? You had a bad foot then, too, and took off your shoe—for my delectation.

I am pleased to hear what you say about the children. Let it be settled so. Bobby and Vera were very jolly and affectionate when they came on the 2nd, and looked very well. I was plea-

santly surprised, too, to see Willie and Lottie.

Bobby was not very enthusiastic about Holland. He is very reluctant to leave you. He is a family man, and very sensitive. He particularly objects to being tied till the end of the war; but there is no need for that, anyhow—for about six months, isn't it? But you must decide; you know what seems best in the circumstances.

He must take books with him, of course; besides his school books, a few books of history, geography, and natural history. He must read the "Insurrection in Holland" of Schiller, and the "Egmont" of Goethe, a noble drama, not exactly historical, but full of life.

Here there is a tremendous change. By order of the Imperial Economics Department, the shoemakers' workshop is to be transferred to the penal section. A foolish idea, I think, although the idea of Simon (Nurnberg).

My future is dark. I hope I shall not have to turn to bread-making. Perhaps there will be an interim of a few weeks without work, which to me means being able to work at the things I like—"cum grano salis." In that case I shall want some books; you will see what I wrote about it in my last letter. In any case, my circumstances will change.

Your "hopes of release" appeal to me very little. You know I always wish to the Devil all amnesties or talk of amnesty. "Aut! aut!" To be or not to be. For the present it means *in prison*, and not *out of prison*!

I am worried about Mehring's illness; I hope the improvement is continuous. Tell him so when you see him, and give him my congratulations, too, for his speech in the Landtag, which of course I haven't read, as I have not been able to get the newspaper reports; but the excellence of which, even if I had not imagined it for myself, I was able to deduce from a detestable comment in the "Deutsche Tageszeitung" (German Daily News).

When our friend Franz Jols goes raging about the streets, and causing such disturbances, he needs reminding that he is not seventeen now, but seventy-two! . . . .

I took up the Odyssey the other day. The art of it is incomparable. Such clear objectiveness, such luminous colours, such pure naturalness, and such noble style. The great, the mean, the commonplace, all fused into action. Turn to the beginning of the twentieth canto, Ulysses in the night, and the awakening of the household in the morning, all separate and complete pictures following one upon the other. And again in the twenty-fourth canto, the description of the death of Achilles by Agamemnon, and the mourning, addressed to the shade of Achilles in Erebus:

> "The weeping Nymphs, beloved daughters of Nereus, wrapped thy body in ambrosial linen. The nine Muses mourned for thee in their silvery voices, and all thy warriors wept around thee."

The Odyssey is a great epic, a song of sorrow, and homesickness; the sorrow of the husband who resists even the temptation and the immortality of Calypso. It expresses virtues actually taken from the Germans, which in the song of the Nibelung, and in Gudrun, have reached to the grandest altitudes; but in the latter the sorrow of the wife and of the servant is equally great.

I should like to read for years without raising my eyes from my books, and at the same time be able to act freely without resting. I want a double life, in order to be completely myself.

It is afternoon now. I must soon finish my letter.

The newspapers came about mid-day. A thousand thanks. And yesterday I received a packet, for which also many thanks, and for the meat balls, which have just been brought to me. . . .

The "Book of Action" and Otto's present never reached me. Keep them yourself as well as the others that have been returned. The care and enlargement of my own library is very near my heart.

When shall I see you again? Take care of yourself. They are coming for the letters.

Much love and many kisses to you, my darling. I cherish your dreams. Think of me, and keep strong and fearless; and if there were ten times as many enemies, even worse than the present ones, we are always united, you and your Karl.

I am writing to Helmi about his gymnastics, etc. Look after him, too, in this respect. You used to do gymnastics, too, once upon a time. It is an important help to all the productive faculties; it is also necessary for preparing Helmi for his future fencing lessons. I don't want him to grow up an indoors man. . . .

The Communist Workers' Movement

Works for the replacement of the present system by Communism, a classless order of society in which the land and the means of production, distribution and transport shall be held in common to be used freely by all.

There shall be no money, barter, buying and selling, wages, or direct reward for services rendered. All shall give according to their abilities, and take according to their needs and desires.

There will be no need for stinting or rationing, because the community can produce more than its members can use.

All shall share the productive work. Short hours of labour for all at essential tasks will allow of abundant leisure for study, recreation, travel, and all sorts of research and creative work, undertaken at will for love of the work and the community.

Administration of production and distribution shall be by Soviets or Councils of those who do the work, linked together locally, industrially, nationally, and internationally.

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(a) Built up from the workshop basis, covering all workers, regardless of sex, craft, or grade, who pledge themselves to work for the overthrow of Capitalism and the establishment of Communism administered by the Workers' Soviets.

(b) Organised into departments for each industry and service.

In other words, to create the Soviets in the workshops in order that they may dispossess the Capitalist and afterwards carry on under Communism.

To take no part in elections to Parliament and the local governing bodies, to expose their futility to protect, or to emancipate the workers, or to administer Communism.

To refuse affiliation or unity with the Labour Party and all Reformist and Parliamentary Parties.

To emancipate the workers from the Trade Unions, which are merely palliative institutions.

For further particulars apply to the Communist Workers' Movement Secretary at 152, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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